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RECOLLECTIONS
OF A
BELOVED PASTOR

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RECOLLECTIONS
OF
A BELOVED PASTOR.





THE OCTAGON SCHOOL.

RECOLLECTIONS
OF
A BELOVED PASTOR,
BY
ONE OF HIS FLOCK.

“ THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED.”

SECOND EDITION.

(WITH ADDITIONS.)

LONDON :
HOULSTON AND WRIGHT, PATERNOSTER ROW.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

AS so many years have passed away since the beloved Pastor entered the heavenly rest, a short prefatory sketch of his character and brief brilliant course may be necessary for the information of some readers, in order to their fully entering into the sense of the following simple poetical tribute to his memory. Such a sketch the writer prefers to give in the words of the Editor of "The Select Magazine," (the late Rev. George Mortimer,) a local periodical in extensive circulation at the time when the beloved Pastor was taken away from his "weeping flock." It may be found in Volume III. of that work, number for March, 1823, appended to some poetical pieces on the subject, two of which appear in the following pages.

"The beloved Pastor" was "the Rev. JOHN EYTON, Vicar of Wellington, and Rector of Eyton, in the County of Salop. Brought up for the Church, without any predilection for its sacred duties, he at first discharged them with a simple reference to what might be expected from him as a gentleman and a scholar. His manners, therefore, from his first entrance on the ministry were amiable and attractive; and his sermons chaste, elegant, and interesting. But as he gradually felt the influence of religion on his

own mind, his sermons assumed a more serious and impressive form ; and though the fascination of the man, the abilities of the scholar, and the persuasive eloquence of the orator were never dismissed—for they seemed integral and inseparable parts of his character—yet were they still only subordinate, though certainly most powerful auxiliaries, to the grand object which so completely engrossed his soul.

“ His ministrations cannot perhaps be more justly characterized than by saying that they abounded in what the French call *unction*. For whether his doctrine descended as the rain, and his speech distilled as the dew, or whether his astonishing appeals came with an authoritative force, which his hearers had not the power to gainsay or resist ; still it was the *unction* which pervaded the whole, which was so peculiarly felt and acknowledged.

“ His labours were abundantly useful. During the twenty years in which he was content ‘ to spend and to be spent’ for the welfare of his people, the parish at large underwent a most striking change. Vice and profligacy were constrained to retreat ; and though all was not effected which his pious and ardent mind desired, yet no one who adverts to what the place formerly was, in contrast with what it now is, can hesitate to give his decided testimony as to the effects produced by his extensive exertions. Not to mention the numerous instances in which individuals, and even whole families, have been brought, by his faithful and affectionate ministrations, to a saving knowledge of the truth, and to a consistent and exemplary course of life.

“Mr. JOHN EYTON was a great man, and would have attained no ordinary elevation in whatever direction he had been called to move. He possessed a strong and independent mind, and to this distinguishing feature much of his excellence must be attributed. His grappling spirit shrank from no investigation; his soaring mind would venture on the loftiest flight; and this brought such a diversity of topics, and such a strength as well as felicity of elucidation into his discourses. His penetrating mind, like the heroes of David at the gate of Bethlehem, would pierce through every intervening rank, and draw from the well of truth the clear and living waters for the plenteous use of his endeared people. But still this greatness and intrepidity of mind occasionally proved his snare; it sometimes carried him beyond the boundary of soberized and legitimate result.

“His piety was of no ordinary stamp. All the graces which adorn the Christian character shone in him conspicuously. His countenance was peculiarly heavenly, especially while engaged in the various services of religion; so completely, to adopt the expression of an old writer, ‘did the spirit of God look out of him.’

“For the last few years his health had been gradually on the decline; with a constitution naturally delicate, he sunk under the weight of his ministerial exertions.

“But his end was as peaceful as his life had been laborious. Conscious of his sinfulness in the sight of a pure and holy God, his only refuge was in the merits and intercession of his Redeemer; and in the fullest reliance upon His mediation he calmly resigned his spirit.

"He died at Portsmouth, on his way to the Isle of Wight, (where he was purposing to spend the winter,) on Friday, the 10th of January, 1823, in the forty-fifth year of his age."

To the justice and beautiful propriety of every expression in the foregoing sketch, the writer cannot forbear adding her humble testimony, as one to whom "his faithful and affectionate ministrations," for many happy years, afforded the purest delight and most precious instruction; gently leading her youthful feet into the "paths of pleasantness and peace." Truly "his grappling shrank from no investigation." With what fearlessness would he expose the sophisms of some fashionable systems! He never stooped to wear the trammels or use the shibboleths of any party. Yet that which constituted the most lovely charm of his "discourse," whether in the pulpit or exposition desk, was the heavenly-mindedness of it: his "soaring mind" seemed always winged for heaven! Its glories and holy employments appeared as the most familiar objects to his sanctified imagination. And when he began the blessed theme, his countenance and his language would increase in animation and fervour as he went on, until the attentive crowds that gazed and listened, "looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel;" perhaps this peculiar disposition, this habitual "conversation in heaven," might have been regarded as an indication of his early removal from these meaner scenes below to his glorious native clime, even "the inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

For nearly two years previous to his removal, his declining state of health had obliged him to be absent from his beloved charge for many weeks at a time, consequently there began to be a falling off among those whose "faith seemed to stand rather in the wisdom of man than in the power of God." And the scenes that glowed beneath the meridian splendour of his sun, were "fast fading" before it had set. Doubtless, amidst the general religious feeling which at one time prevailed in the neighbourhood, there must be some *unsound profession*, and the "beloved Pastor" has been charged with want of discrimination because he did not detect and expose every plausible pretender! but

"Neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone ;
By His permissive will, through heaven and earth,
And oft though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems."

The shrewd, self-satisfied boast, "I never was imposed upon," can seldom, perhaps never, be made by truly great and generous characters ; and it may be remembered, that those who did impose upon the beloved Pastor, were obliged to assume no ordinary garb of sanctity—something more than that which passes for "mighty good christianity" in some evangelical circles of the present time. And here the writer cannot help quoting a pleasant observation

of the "beloved Pastor" on the words "Charity beareth all things—believeth all things." He said, with a playful smile, "the proverb that 'Love is blind' is not true; on the contrary, it is very quick-sighted, and often discerns imperfections which escape the notice of others: but it does not choose *to look at them*; love is not blind, it only *will not see* the faults of its object."

The last time he occupied his own pulpit in the Parish Church, Wellington, was on a Wednesday evening, in March, 1822. His text was Galatians vi., 14: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." And never did the writer hear him set forth the doctrine of the Divine Atonement of Christ, and its practical bearing, with greater power and more convincing arguments than on that occasion; little did he then think that she was listening to his faithful instructions for the last time!

"THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED!"

RECOLLECTIONS
OF A
BELOVED PASTOR.

LINES

WRITTEN A SHORT TIME PREVIOUS TO HIS DEATH.

SAW you that lovely sun's resplendent ray,
When, shining in meridian glory bright,
It shed a cheering, soul-reviving light
On all beneath its influence—chas'd away
The hovering clouds, and spread a brighter day?
Ah! who that e'er beheld that dazzling sight
But weeps to see the gathering glooms of night
O'er its fair beams so soon exert their sway!
And shall it thus, in darkling shades go down,
Nor fling one radiant, though expiring beam
O'er the fast-fading scenes where once it shone?
Yes!—it shall yet break through the clouds, serene,
And gloriously set,—again to rise
And shine, without a cloud, in happier skies!

L I N E S

WRITTEN AFTER THE MOURNFUL EVENT.

PEACE, belov'd Shepherd ! free from every care,
Thou retest from thine arduous labours now,
And fadeless glory crowns thy smiling brow.

Thy weeping flock—it was not their's to hear
The dying blessing of their Pastor dear.
Thy last lov'd look it was not their's to know ;
Nor may they o'er thy silent tomb bestow
The tribute of affection's sacred tear !
Yet, yet shall grateful memory love to dwell
On the mild lustre of thy heavenly face ;
And, ardent, of the sweet instructions tell
Which flow'd from thy dear lips—so full of grace !
Which shew'd the wanderer the way of peace,
And led the yielding soul to heavenly bliss !

 L I N E S

COMPOSED NEAR A BUILDING, IN WHICH HE WAS WONT TO
INSTRUCT THE CHILDREN AND OTHERS OF HIS CHARGE.

AH ! I could linger on this sacred spot
Hour after hour !—while memory's pencil true,
Traces the past—again methinks I view
His pleasing form, ne'er, ne'er to be forgot,
That once adorn'd it—bear again in thought

His graceful speech, distilling like the dew,
 As with delight and ardour ever new
 He told what mercy had for sinners wrought !
 "The cloud of glory" here appear'd to rest,
 And beam with mild effulgence round his head ;
 And, hovering near, angelic spirits blest
 On this lov'd spot a holy influence shed !
 But ah ! 'tis past !—the scene so bright, so fair—
 All past !—and "Ichabod"—is written here !

L I N E S

WRITTEN ON SEEING THE SAME BUILDING IN RUINS.

It was at the close of a bright hot summer's day, the sun was sinking a "beamless deep red ball" into a heavy black cloud on the horizon, when the writer entered this interesting ruin, the roof of which was entirely demolished, but the walls yet stood, (though apparently tottering,) with the texts of sacred Scripture still uneffaced on the smooth plaster ; as she left the desolated scene, the sun's last streak disappeared in the thick gloom, and a few drops of rain fell, as it were in silent sympathy on the spot.

It is a ruin ! yet its roofless walls
 Shall once again enclose me ; yes, I'll gaze
 On this dear monument of other days,
 Ere by the rude destroyer's hands it falls !
 I feel a solemn influence pervade,
 As on those well-selected truths I pore,
 And own their sacred energy once more—

And ah ! I see thee still—dear sainted shade.
 The broad dark wing of frowning desolation
 Spreads o'er the scene which lately smiled so fair ;
 Where echoed the sweet hymn of adoration,
 Or breathed the softer tones of social prayer—
 Or sounded the high messages of heaven ;
 And stood the faithful envoy of the skies,
 Who told of grace and glory, freely given,
 And urged the loitering soul to seize the prize—
 It is all past !—farewell, thou beauteous fane,
 To-morrow sees no trace of thee remain !

No trace of thee—save in the hearts of those
 Who here the God of Israel oft have met,
 For whom the “little tabernacle” rose
 Bright as the sun, though soon in shades to set,
 As yonder beamless orb, in clouds declining
 From the fair skies, where late 'twas brightly shining,
 Sets in deep gloom—but has it shone in vain ?
 No—it diffused life and strength around,
 And bade the wilderness like Eden bloom ;
 The “laughing hills” with rapturous joy resound,
 And filled the valleys with a rich perfume ;
 Its cheering beams have sorrow's heart beguil'd,
 And dark despair has felt their power and smil'd—
 And so the bless'd instructions given here
 Shall long have power to renovate and cheer !

L I N E S

WRITTEN ON A PAPER ENCLOSING A LOCK OF HIS HAIR.

Ah ! precious relic !—as I fondly gaze
On thee—a thousand recollections rise
 Within my pensive breast,
 And fill my eyes with tears.

Yes :—I have seen when apostolic zeal
Inspir'd the bosom of thy lov'd possessor,
 The oozing moisture hang
 On every silken hair.

While he, untir'd pursued his darling theme
Of free salvation and abounding grace ;
 “ Spending, and being spent ”
 Gladly, for his lov'd charge.

Till, at the close of each sweet, arduous work,
He sunk exhausted !—his dear head reclining
 Gently on his trembling hand,
 Heaven beaming in his face.

But ah ! when the cold dews of death hung on thee,
What tender hand wip'd the pale drops away ?
 Ah ! not Maria's—No—
 She was far, far away !

It *was not hers* to soothe his dying pillow,
Or to receive his last expiring farewell !—
 But hush, ye fond regrets—
 It was the will of heaven !

L I N E S

ON THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF HIS DEATH.

SINCE the eventful day, twelve moons had wax'd
 And wan'd—I wander'd near the much-lov'd spot
 Where once he dwelt ; (in those delightful days
 True Christian comfort smil'd on every object,
 And gave a tranquil charm to every tree,
 And shrub, and walk, and flower that bloom'd around
 The Pastoral residence.) 'Twas a dark evening,
 The teeming clouds pour'd forth a copious shower,
 And seem'd to mix their flowing tears with mine.
 The stormy wind among the leafless trees
 Gave a harsh, piercing sound—then fainter grew,
 And fainter still, it sigh'd, and died away !

All look'd deserted, melancholy, sad,
 Saving the favourite walk, enclosed with laurels,
 Evergreen,—which its belov'd proprietor
 Selected as his solitary haunt ;
 And where, secluded from the eye of man,
 He commun'd with his God in faith and prayer,
 And rais'd his spirit to his native skies,
 His heavenly home, and that delightful mansion
 Prepared by his lov'd Master's gracious care,
 Which was so soon to be his own for ever ;—
 That walk, and its encircling evergreens
 Smiled cheerfully amidst the gloom.—I paus'd,
 My eyes hung on the interesting scene ;

Each object seem'd an emblem, and my mind
 Found meaning in them all.—Ah ! he is gone !
 His body sleeps in its cold, narrow house ;
 His spirit lives before the eternal throne !
 His voice is heard amidst the angelic choir ;
 It sounds no more on earth, diffusing joy
 Through every humble, contrite, waiting soul.

His memory is blessed !—yes, it blooms
 Like his own laurels, ever fresh and green !
 And when those laurels are all withered,
 His memory immortally shall live !

Remember thee ! my father, teacher, guide !
 Oh ! yes—remembrance loves to dwell on thee ;
 Thy sweet instructions, through the power of grace,
 Taught me to choose the way of heavenly wisdom !
 And oh ! may grace still keep me in the way
 That I may be thy joy and crown when Christ
 Appears in glory !—may we reign with Him—
 Crown'd with unspeakable, immortal bliss !

L I N E S

SUGGESTED ON THE DAY WHEN THE MONUMENT TO HIS
 MEMORY, IN THE OLD CHURCH-YARD, WAS OPENED ;
 AFTER READING THE INSCRIPTION, EVERY ONE MADE
 THE SAME REMARK—"HE WAS ALL THIS, AND MORE."

WHILE pondering o'er the high-wrought eulogy
 Which graces yonder consecrated stone,

Admiring, all exclaim
 " He was all this—and more !"

The trembling voice of aged poverty,
 For ah ! he preached the gospel to the poor,
 With simple fervour cries
 " He was all this—and more !"

The truest votary of the finest taste,
 And most fastidious elegance—exclaims
 " The eulogy is just,
 He was all this—and more !"

There the gay youthful groups with reverence pause,
 And ardent press around the speaking tablets
 That tell them of their friend,
 Their condescending guide.

He lov'd his Master—and he " fed his lambs ;"
 Kindly he gather'd them beneath his arm,
 And placed them in the fold,
 With all a shepherd's care.

Oh ! the warm language of their every look
 Is, " he was all this, and he was more to us !"
 It was his chief delight
 To win the youthful heart.

And can those hearts that he so gently led
To share the sweets of heavenly liberty,

Be now inglorious slaves

In sin's delusive chain ?

Oh ! can they join in folly's idle train,
And quaff the pleasures of the giddy throng,

Forgetful of the joys

Which surely once were theirs ?

Shall dissipation's sickly breath destroy
All the fair plants that rose beneath his hand,

No fruit at last be found

To recompense his care ?

Forbid it gratitude ! Oh, rise, for shame
Ye favour'd children ! Shake ye from the dust,

And break the fatal bands

Which folly holds you in.

Oh ! if ye perish in the snares of sin,
The cutting thought—"he was all this, and more"—

Will aggravate your woe,

To all eternity !

SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

STILL to thee my thoughts will wander,

Dear, and every day more dear ;

And while thus I sit and ponder,

Fancy sees thy spirit near ;



Ever gentle, faithful, Pastor,
Follower of thy heavenly Master.

Oh ! I love to think of thee,
Often as I pensive stray,
Thy pure shade methinks I see
Hovering o'er my lonely way !

Then, sad memory turns and weeps,
She a faithful record keeps
Of those bright, those happy days,
When thy willing flock was seen
Led by thee to streams of grace,
And to pastures fresh and green.

Gloomy is the contrast now,
Ah ! if blessed spirits weep,
Sure thy tears must often flow
O'er thy scatter'd, wandering sheep !

Many, many now have turn'd
Back to worldly joys again,
Every purer pleasure spurn'd,
First in folly's giddy train.
Ah ! was their profession fair ?
(Fruit of thy laborious care,)

Was it buried in thy tomb ?
Were their hopes on thee suspended ?
Morning gleams that ere the noon
All in clouds and darkness ended !

Oft my sinking heart could break;—
 While I mark the sad decline :
 Gracious Lord, will all forsake—
 All renounce their hopes divine ?
 Oh ! forbid it. Thou canst keep
 From the wolf thy feeblest sheep.
 Oh ! our heavenly Shepherd, feed us
 With thy word which still abides ;
 And may thy good Spirit lead us
 Where the living water glides.
 While the treacherous calm shall last,
 May we strive, and watch, and pray,
 Till the dangerous voyage is past,
 And is clos'd our evil day ;
 Then, oh ! then, with our lov'd Pastor
 May we gladly meet our Master !
 When he comes to call us home,
 (Every rude temptation o'er)
 Raise us to his glorious throne,
 There to reign for evermore !

L I N E S,

ON THE DEATH OF HIS AMIABLE WIDOW.

(October 18th, 1825.)

No,—his Maria could not linger here,
 Her ardent spirit long'd to soar away

To the fair regions of eternal day ;
 The well beloved of her soul was there,
 Now, they have met, immortal bliss to share !
 And ah ! when far from home and friends she lay,
 When her soul left its tenement of clay,
 Perhaps his waiting spirit hover'd near !
 Bless'd pair ! in life united, and in death
 Not long divided ! though no anxious friend
 Or duteous child receiv'd your parting breath,
 Or o'er your mouldering ashes weeping bend,
 Yours was the triumph of all-conquering faith,
 Alike in spirit, suffering, way, and end !

NOTE.—She died and was buried at Aberystwith.

ON THE SAME.

SHE smil'd, though her heart was lone and reft,
 The "desire of her eyes" was taken away,
 His lov'd corse in a distant spot she had left
 To moulder and mix with its kindred clay.
 She smil'd, and an unfeeling world suppos'd
 That *she did not feel* separation's smart ;
 But there was a wound, unstaunch'd, unclos'd,
 By the world unseen, in her widow'd heart.
 She smil'd, but her tearful, averted eye,
 Still rais'd to the ambient fields above,
 Shew'd there was an object beyond the sky
 That still had her thoughts, and her fondest love !

She smil'd, and her spirit long'd to be gone—
 It struggled, and burst its bands of clay,
 And joined her lov'd partner before the throne,
 And mingled with his in the realms of day !

THIRD ANNIVERSARY.

“ COME, Maria, come away,
 Wherefore in the desert stay ?
 Canaan's happy land invites
 Thee to share its rich delights.
 Linger—wouldst thou still remain
 With our youthful orphan train ?
 Ah ! they do not need thy cares,
 Higher succour shall be theirs !
 Come, and share the joys untold
 Of a happy heavenly home,
 Through our Saviour's love, our own.
 See the eternal gates unfold !
 Come, Maria, come up hither,
 Let us sweetly range together
 O'er the wide celestial plains,
 Where unfading glory reigns !
 Pluck the amaranthine flowers
 From the ever-blooming bowers,
 Join the bless'd adoring choir,
 Tune with them the golden lyre,

Crowns and palms for ever casting
 Low before the Everlasting !
 'Tis at His behest I come,
 Thy unfetter'd soul to guide
 To His high exalted throne,
 Who for sinners liv'd and died !
 Oh ! Maria, there for ever
 We will live in union sweet :
 Death has now no power to sever,
 " Now to part no more we meet ! "

Happy, thrice happy, reunited pair,
 Lovely and pleasant were your lives below,
 And soon 'twas yours a higher bliss to share—
 Bliss unalloy'd with sin, and care, and woe.
 Oh ! that this day, which memory faithful still
 So fondly consecrates to saints I love,
 May be a day on which my soul may feel,
 'Tis drawn from earth—and rests on things above !

FOURTH ANNIVERSARY.

THERE was a time, a time how richly bless'd,
 When beam'd " the glory " on yon house of prayer,
 " A son of consolation " then was there !
 With words of peace he sooth'd the poor distress—
 Pour'd sacred balm into the wounded breast—

Wip'd from the mourner's eye the bitter tear—
Hung o'er his charge with all a shepherd's care—


And led them still beneath *the* rock to rest !
He was "a son of consolation." Yes,

Yes, gentle Pastor ! Oh ! thy look was love.
We hail'd in thee the messenger of peace,
Sent with glad tidings from the courts above ;
Still pointing upwards to the things unseen,
Eternal life, through Jesus, still thy theme !

NOTE.—It must be understood of these Annual Pieces that each takes its tone from the particular mood of the Writer's mind at the time of its composition—that mood inclining to the recollection of different parts of his life and character.

FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.

OH ! heavy hung the clouds of dark suspense
O'er that eventful and remember'd day,
When, free'd from the last chain of flesh and sense,
Thy spirit soar'd from these low scenes away.
Memory still lingers on the affecting scene,
Revives each boding pang which wrung my heart ;
I seem'd in a bewildering, torturing dream—
'Twas dark uncertainty's most bitter smart !
Might I have bent o'er life's faint flickering flame
And watch'd its silent, gradual decay ;
Ah ! 'twas denied to a far dearer claim—
Thy own Maria, she was far away.



Hope, tried its dear delusive art to cheer,
 And flattering told me thou shouldst still abide —
 With thy lov'd flock, yet many, many a year,
 Our tender shepherd, and our faithful guide !

No ; the decree was past, thy work was done,
 The rest was gain'd, the well-fought conflict o'er ;
 My father, O my father, thou art gone,
 And I shall hear thy voice on earth no more !
 Yet, in my fancy, I can hear thee now,
 Thy emphasis has mark'd each sacred line ;
 Thy deep tones, and thy milder accents too,
 As long they sounded in the Word Divine.

And still I see thee in each holy scene,
 Thy heavenly countenance, and graceful form ;
 Thy tranquil smile, clear fascinating beam,
 Which shed o'er all its own attractive charm.
 Oh ! I could talk of thee the livelong day ;
 Weep o'er our loss, yes, weep—but not complain ;
 No ; though my heart hop'd for thy longer stay,
 I durst not, would not, wish thee back again !

It was thy Master's will that thou should'st share
 An early recompense. His will is best—
 Surely His grace can every breach repair,
 And all who wait on Him are surely bless'd.

SIXTH ANNIVERSARY.

Yes, I remember thee ! could I forget ?

No ; the impression of thy heavenly face,
Where every varied grace in union met,
Time from my memory never can erase.

Yes, I remember thee ! the words of truth
Which from thy graceful lips were wont to flow
Have still the same delightful power to soothe
And cheer me in the hour of deep-felt woe.

Yes, I remember thee ! in youth's gay morn,
When sailing fast with pleasure's idle wind,
I saw thee, heard thee, felt the potent charm
Which bound to thee my captivated mind.
Yes, I remember thee ! I heard thee tell
Of higher pleasures, as their source serene.
I turn'd, and bade earth's vanities farewell,
And sought for joys above this passing scene.

Yes, I remember thee ! my faithful guide,
I feel the power of thy instructions still ;
They point my way when lured to turn aside,
And give decision to my wavering will.
Yes, I remember thee ! If I forget,
Or cease to love thy memory and name,
Then let my tongue in silence sad be set,
Without the power to sound one tuneful strain.

L I N E S

SUGGESTED WHILE LOOKING AT HIS LIKENESS.

SURELY in vain the pencil's mimic skill
 Tries to delineate a face like thine ;
 Howe'er correct the features, they would still,
 Still want *the soul*, that shone in every line !
 Each thought had its expression in thy face,
 And every feeling had its varying shade ;
 'Twas not the features, looks, one lov'd to trace,
 It was *the mind*—which every look display'd.
 The charm which every artist must in vain
 Attempt to give to the admirer's eye,
 Which the biographer's and poet's pen
 A faithful portrait may as vainly try.
 Could I discharge the expression from thy face,
 Which in my mind's eye still I see so clear—
 Could I divest it of its own mild grace,
 Then I might recognise its likeness here.

NOTE.—It is to be regretted that a good portrait, by a first-rate artist, should not have been taken of such a countenance ; the profiles (and a few miniatures) which abound are rather caricatures than likenesses. The one which suggested the above lines is the best extant.

SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY.

TALK you of eloquence ? Ah ! I have heard
 Its sweetest, loftiest tones, in every word
 Spoken by him, upon whose honour'd tomb
 My tributary wreath shall humbly bloom !

The touching pathos, and the force sublime,
 The soft expression, and the grace divine ;
 The "Son of thunder's" mightiest alarms,
 The "Son of consolation's" gentlest charms ;
 All that could sternly rouse, or mildly win,
 In union rare, together met in him.

Yet, like his Lord, he rather chose to move
 The sinner's heart with words of peace and love,
 Kindly to show the falsely-smiling snare,
 The gilded poison and delusive glare,
 That charm amid the scenes of worldly joy,
 And smile and dazzle only to destroy ;
 Then in persuasion's softest, sweetest tone,
 And with a grace peculiarly his own,
 To tell the wanderer of a purer bliss,
 And show the path of pleasantness and peace.
 Ah ! say where did this gentle Nestor shine,
 This great Apollo pour his strains sublime ?

For *twenty happy years* he was content
 In humble scenes "to spend and to be spent,"
 Known chiefly to the simple, favour'd few
 Who from his lips immortal knowledge drew ;
 On them his doctrine like the dew distill'd,
 And many a soul with holy comfort fill'd.
 Day after day he preach'd the Sacred Word,
 Told of the power and mercy of the Lord ;
 Pure Gospel truth, still to the heart address'd, -

In sweetly varying language still express'd.
Few "great ones" listen'd to the graceful strain—
No curious critic gave each grace a name—
His "gifts" were little talk'd of—scarcely known
Beyond the limits of his native town ;
No vaulted roof prolong'd the flowing sound,
While wonder held the glittering crowds around.
Yon sacred house, whose plain and simple form
No sculptur'd stones or painted saints adorn ;
Its ornament—the pure and heavenly light,
Which shed its soul-renewing beams so bright ;
Witness'd th' effusions of his ardent mind,
And echo'd with his speech by grace refin'd ;
There he declar'd the message from on high,
And told of Him who came on earth to die ;
There pointed out the "new and living way,"
Proclaim'd to all th' "acceptable day ;"
Bade the poor thoughtless prodigal return,
The mourning penitent no longer mourn—
The Christian warrior dauntlessly go on—
The pilgrim press towards his heavenly home ;
There, with his flock before the throne of grace,
He bow'd, and there he led the hymn of praise ;
And there, while oft the sacred signs he gave,
Taught them to feed on Him who died to save
Guided by him their spirits learn'd to soar,
Earth's paltry pleasures could amuse no more

A foretaste there of endless joys was given,
 Truly "the house of God, and gate of heaven."
 And oh! his dearest aim was to impart
 Religion's pleasures to the youthful heart;
 And with a zeal unwearied to "allure
 To brighter worlds" the children of the poor.
 These were the scenes in which he shone so fair—
 These were the labours of his pastoral sphere.
 Ah! in that day when to His awful bar
 The Judge shall call the nations from afar—
 When they that sleep in silent dust shall rise
 To the decisive judgment of the skies—
 The heavens shall then declare his righteousness,
 And souls that he had taught the way of peace
 Shall rise (though here below perhaps unknown)
 And shine, the brightest jewels in his crown.

"PRECIOUS IN THE SIGHT OF THE LORD IS THE
 DEATH OF HIS SAINTS."—Ps. 116, v. 15.

AH! what matter where the dear saint yields his
 spirit,
 And lays the dull load of mortality down?
 For him there is purchas'd by infinite merit,
 The title is certain, and he shall inherit
 A kingdom, a sceptre, and unfading crown.

There was one, a poor beggar, who friendlessly
wonder'd,

All bow'd with disease, and his limbs full of sores,
His languishing eye with astonishment ponder'd
The comforts and wealth which prosperity
squander'd,

And desir'd but the refuse of plenty's full stores.

And down at the gate of the rich man he laid him,
All cover'd with rags, and with pale hunger
press'd ;

But the angels in garments of glory array'd him,
And with songs of delight through the air they
convey'd him,

And lodg'd him securely in Abraham's breast.

And many a heir of celestial glory,

Forsaken, goes down to his unhonour'd grave,
(No friend to record and lament his sad story,)
Expires in the battle-field, wounded and gory,
Lies cold in the desert, or sinks in the wave.

I knew a lov'd pair, whose fond hearts undivided,
With the same sorrow sigh'd, with the same
pleasure thrill'd ;

Their lives by the same holy influence were guided,
Their souls in the same gracious Saviour confided,
And with the same zeal for His glory were fill'd.

Their sky was serene, with a cloud scarcely shaded,
 Their friends and their children enliven'd each day,
 When ah! on a sudden the fair prospect faded,
 Stern sickness the frame of the husband invaded,
 And "in quest of renew'd health" he went far
 away.

Alas! he return'd not, he lay unattended,
 The wife of his bosom beheld him no more!
 At a distance he wasted, unseen, and unfriended,
 In solitude's gloom his bright mortal course ended,
 He found a lone grave on the south-eastern shore.

She wept o'er his tomb, then smil'd, but 'twas teary,
 Then journied forlorn towards the far distant west,
 The wide world to her was a wilderness weary,
 On the wild rocks of Cambria, all pensive and
 dreary,

The fair pilgrim sunk to her undisturb'd rest.

Thus distant, and each by the other deserted,
 One east, and one west—each is mouldering alone;
 Their dust does not mingle, yet still they're one-
 hearted,

Their spirits have met, never more to be parted,
 They share the delights of a heavenly home!

Their merciful Lord smooths His saints' dying
 pillow,

And the Spirit supports when mortality faints;

Though it be on the cold earth, beneath the
 willow,
 On dry burning sands, or the wide foaming bil
 “ Right dear in His sight is the death of
 saints !”

EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY.

“ SWEET is the memory of the just !” My m
 In lonely musings wanders up and down
 Midst present, past, and future scenes of life—
 The pleasing sketches of the past amuse :
 I linger on the flowery fields of youth—
 Watch the beam dancing on the purling stream—
 The fleecy cloud glide o’er the bright blue sky ;
 Hear the sweet harmony of rural sounds,
 The woodland chorus wafted on the breeze,
 The brook’s low murmur, and the insects’ hum,
 And all that cheer’d my dear, lov’d native plain !
 ’Tis sweet to trace these simple past delights ;
 These dreams of memory charm the soften’d soul,
 And soothe and harmonize the pensive mind.
 Present realities oftentimes perplex,
 And future prospects dazzle and deceive ;
 The past has somewhat of a certain joy,
 While its lov’d images in sweet review
 Glide silently o’er Memory’s glowing scene !

And midst the varied groups which she presents,
 There is a class on which the mind's eye rests
 With calm complacency and pure delight ;
 Yes, while she gives me back the friends I lov'd,
 The characters I reverenc'd and admir'd,
 Array'd in all the virtues which subdued
 And all the gentle graces which endear'd ;—
 My charmed soul, in sweet enchantment held,
 Heeds not the storm which rages all around,
 Feels not the thorns which intercept my way,
 Fears not the perils of the wilderness,
 Forgets the present care, the present joy,
 And all abstracted from inferior things,
 Rests in the blissful vision, and enjoys
 Sublimar pleasures. Ah ! again I see
 The smile of pure affection, which was wont
 To be the solace of my dreary hours—
 The charm that heighten'd every gayer scene ;
 Again I join the flow of converse free,
 And mingle thoughts, harmonious, unrestrain'd,
 With kindred spirits long departed home,
 But present to remembrance ; pleas'd I trace
 The virtues that adorn'd their mortal course—
 Brighter in retrospect they seem to shine,
 And more attractive to th' aspiring soul.

"Sweet is the memory of the just," dear saint,
 My theme on this commemorative day—

The memory of thee is sweet ; on thee
I look with reverence and pure delight !

And while I venerate the holy zeal,
The steady principle, the heavenly mien,
And all the various gifts which so adorned
The faithful *Christian Pastor* ; oh ! I love
To trace the lighter tints and softer shades,
And all the graces which endear'd the *Man*.

The playful smile which danc'd upon thy cheek
And the light tone of gentle raillery
Which flattered and corrected where applied ;
And the severer stroke, which strongly lash'd
Hypocrisy and sanctimonious pride ;
And the attractive gentleness which won
All hearts and held them in admiring love :—
These all were thine, and these I number o'er
And say, " Sweet is the memory of the just ! "

And oh ! the memory of thy works of faith
Sheds sweeter odours, purer fragrance round.
Who rous'd the sinner from his sleep of death,
And led him trembling to the Saviour's cross ?
Who kindly drew the wandering, wavering heart
Of youthful vanity, and bade it rest
On objects worthy of its highest love ?
Who gave the service of our sanctuary
Devotion's fervour, and its decencies,
Which even in these dull and lukewarm days,

Retain their influence in the sacred court ?
 Who wak'd the simple harmony which charms
 The listening stranger, and transports the souls
 Of all who join the sweet, adoring song ?
 Who form'd and foster'd with a father's care
 The poor child's refuge from dark ignorance,
 And vice, and ruin ; bade the glorious light
 Of knowledge and religion cheer the soul,
 And show the path of pleasantness and peace ?
 Whose " liberal soul, devising liberal things,"
 Mov'd th' expansive power of charity,
 And made us feel how blessed 'tis to give ?
 These, dearest Pastor, are a little part
 Of the bless'd works of love which mark'd thy life.
 The register of heaven alone can show
 The glorious sum, and tell of all thy deeds :
 And while admiring angels look upon
 The shining chronicle, they tune their harps
 Responsive to my tributary lay,
 And sing, " Sweet is the memory of the just !"

NINTH ANNIVERSARY.

BELOVED Pastor, when the shades of death
 Were closing round thee, did thy fervent prayer
 Ascend for those who long had known thy care ?
 Yes ; I can fancy that thy parting breath
 Rose to the throne in humble, pleading faith,

And that thy distant flock did fully share
 In thy petitions. Ah ! methinks I hear
 The mercy *ask'd*—the *deprecatèd* wrath !
 In thoughts like these :—"O Lord, vouchsafe to bless
 My little flock ; let not the wolf divide
 And scatter them ! may they be led in peace
 By some kind shepherd, some true, faithful guide !"
 And shall this prayer unanswered remain ?
 Did it ascend to Thee, O Lord, in vain ?

TENTH ANNIVERSARY.

My faithful Shepherd, thou art gone ;
 Thou dost not guide and warn me now ;
 In yonder happy heavenly home
 The crown, unfading, decks thy brow.
 Years have roll'd on ; thy mortal form
 Is mouldering in its distant grave,
 Heedless alike of the wild storm,
 And my wild flowers that o'er it wave !
 My fancy paints the little mound
 O'er which her humble garlands bloom,
 And loves to wander o'er the ground
 Which bears my lov'd saint's hallow'd tomb.
 Is there on earth a sacred spot
 To which my pilgrim feet would stray ?
 Oh ! 'tis to that, oft seen in thought,
 Which holds thy precious mouldering clay.

Oh ! might I bend o'er the cold pillow
 On which my faithful Pastor lies ;
 The breeze which sweeps th' adjacent billow
 Would surely answer to my sighs.
 Seated on the sepulchral stone,
 All other objects far remov'd,
 Again that face and voice well known,
 So venerated, priz'd, and lov'd,

Should live in my imagination,
 And glad my mental eye and ear,
 Fix my soul's ardent admiration,
 And haply move a smile or tear.
 Can fancy make thee live again
Only on that sepulchral spot ?
 Thy voice, thy image, still remain—
 Live—in my soul's habitual thought !
 I see thee now, I hear thy voice
 Sound in instructions all divine ;
 I listen, and again rejoice,
 Again those sacred truths are mine !

I love to cherish these fond dreams,
 And often on the wings of faith
 I rise to yonder happy scenes,
 Beyond the reach of sin and death
 And there with thee in thought I roam,
 Amidst the fadeless bowers of peace,

And bow with thee before the throne,
 And share thy pure immortal bliss !
 Then earthly ills no more can move,
 And earthly foes no longer wound ;
 While with the happy friends I love,
 My spirit treads celestial ground.

Oh ! what a glorious circle bends
 In yonder shining courts above,
 Of fathers, mothers, brethren, friends,
 The objects of exalted love !
 And “ as the sun for ever ” there,
 My Pastor, thou dost brightly shine ;
 Thy royal robes are rich and fair,
 A crown of brightest glory thine !

ELEVENTH ANNIVERSARY.

As at this hour, in solemn solitude,
 One faithful servant only to support
 Thy sinking head and paralyzed limbs,
 And bending o'er thee one much favour'd friend.
 Yes ; as at this lone hour thy spirit waited,
 Ready to hear the welcome mandate given—
 “ Come hither, good and faithful servant, come ! ”
 The glorious chariot was in view, encircled
 By the angelic guard with radiant wing,
 To bear thee through the parting clouds—to where

"Jesus was standing," ready to receive
Thy ransom'd spirit to His tender bosom.

Ah! at that solemn hour, did memory cast
One tender look on scenes and seasons past?
Kind, faithful shepherd, did thy dear, lov'd flock
Pass in review before thy mental eye,
And silently solicit one last prayer?

And singled from the rest, might there not be
Some favour'd ones, whom thou hadst gently led
And gather'd with thy arm as tender lambs,
The joy and solace of thy earlier days,
Ere thou hadst "seen an end of all perfection;"
On whom thy dying blessings would be pour'd,
Mingled with earnest prayers, that God might keep
Their simple souls, while straying in the desert,
From every foe; that Jesus, the chief Shepherd,
Would feed them still, in pastures green and fair,
And lead them forth beside the living waters,
And with His rod and staff support them through
Life's chequer'd journey, and the vale of death?

And ah! did not thy soul intensely yearn
O'er thy own infant train, soon to be orphans?
Far, far away; they all unconscious smil'd,
Nor thought that thou wouldst never more return
To share the comforts and delights of home.

And surely one lov'd object fill'd thy thoughts,
Else why that hasty and expressive look,

So often turning to the opening door—
 That look, which ask'd "Is she not yet arriv'd?"
 Alas! her chariot wheels too long had tarried!
 Oh! had she reach'd thy distant dying bed!
 Oh! had her soft hand clos'd thy dying eyes!
 Her lips receiv'd the parting breath from thine!

But, so it was not;—and perhaps I err
 In these fond fancies of thy spirit's yearnings
 O'er earthly objects, howsoe'er belov'd.

In that important hour, the things of time
 Might have no more a place in thy remembrance;
 "The pageant of this world" had pass'd away
 To thee, and all the grand realities
 Of an eternal and abiding state
 Were seen, almost without the aid of faith!

The heavenly hills no longer dimly gleam'd
 Far in the distance. No; their golden summits
 With hosts of shining ones, in purest white,
 Walking thereon, in happy social bands,
 Joining in converse sweet or holy songs,
 Soon to be thy companions, were in view;
 Their eyes, bright beaming, often downward cast
 Upon thy suffering mortal frame, express'd
 The cordial invitation—"Come up hither!"

But the dark stream of death yet roll'd between;
 Its waves must yet be stemm'd, and thou wouldst fee
 It no light thing, that last and final voyage.

No ; 'tis a hard and serious thing to die,
 And thou wouldst feel its deep solemnities—
 Feel that a power Almighty must support
 Thy feeble soul while passing through the waters.

I can imagine all the silent awe
 And decent resignation of thy mind,
 While waiting on the verge, ready to pass
 The separating flood ; calmly confiding
 In Him who conquer'd death ; and when safe landed
 On the immortal shore, oh ! thou wouldst mount
 The chariot of the seraphim, and soon
 Reach the bright summit of the holy hill,
 Where hosts adoring, circle round the throne
 Of Him who lives for ever !

TWELFTH ANNIVERSARY.

Dost thou sometimes look down
 From thy glorious mansion above,
 Blest spirit, on those who on earth were known,
 Who shared thy tenderest love ?
 Ah ! if thou dost, does the view
 Affect thy bliss on high ?
 Does it tune thy golden harp anew,
 Or cause its chords to sigh ?

Dost thou see thy favour'd flock
 Seeking the living stream,

And abiding beneath the shadowing rock
 To which thou leddest them ;
 Feeding in pastures fair,
 Of grace and holiness,
 Finding their delight and pleasure there,
 Resting in love and peace ;

Far from a world of noise,
 Secure from fear and danger,
 Possessing the pure and sacred joys
 Unfelt, unknown to a stranger,—
 Fruits of a living faith
 That rests on God alone,
 That looks far beyond the vale of death
 For happiness, and home,
 With eyes by hope inspir'd,
 Fix'd on the bless'd abode,
 And pilgrim feet unhurt, untir'd,
 Pressing on in the "narrow road?"

Oh ! such a view as this
 Of thy own beloved band,
 Must add a fresh beam to thy smile of bliss
 And a new hallelujah demand.
 But ah ! dost thou sometimes see
 Those who once seemed to run
 Well in the Gospel liberty,
 And every snare to shun,

Now stumbling in the way,
 Or loitering on the side,
 Gathering the flowers with triflers gay,
 Who tempt them, and deride ;

Forsaking the living fountain
 Of living waters pure,
 That springs on Calvary's holy mountain
 From the "Rock of Ages" sure,
 And rashly, vainly seeking
 The shallow, deadly stream
 Of earthly cisterns, treacherous, breaking,
 Debasing, and unclean ;

Leaving the calmer pleasures
 That sanctify the heart,
 Slighting religion's precious treasures
 And the holy, better part—
 For what? Oh ! tell it not
 Amidst the laughing throng—
 For levities, once despis'd, forgot ;
 For game, and dance, and song !

Oh ! if a sigh can rend
 Thy happy bosom now,
 It is when thy spirit may chance to bend
 O'er folly like this below !

Time swiftly passes on !

Oh, may *my soul* prepare
To join the assembly around the throne,
And with joy to meet *thee* there !

THIRTEENTH ANNIVERSARY.

AH ! blessed saint, fond memory
Shows thee in all thy winning grace ;
And more, and more I think of thee,
And all thy sacred labours trace.
I think of thee, as when my eyes
First saw thee ; when the morn of youth
Threw round me bright, unclouded skies,
And thou wert strong in grace and truth.

I think of thee, thy heavenly mien,
Thy tranquil brow, and beaming eye,
And graceful lips, full of the theme—
Of Him who came on earth to die :
Bright was the scene ! Thy snow-white robe,
Complexion fair, and looks refin'd ;
All pure as holiness and love—
Fit clothing for thy purer mind !

'Twas on the hallow'd morn that gave
A Saviour to our sinful race :

How didst thou welcome Bethlehem's babe !

How didst thou feel and tell the grace !

Ah ! to my view, thou wert like one

Of that bright choir, who in sweet strains

"Glory and peace" responsive sung

O'er fair Judea's rural plains.

I think of thee, as when I heard,

In after years, thy faithful voice

Proclaim the pure, converting word,

The statutes which the heart rejoice.

Almost each day I heard thee tell

To men or babes the Saviour's love ;

Their portion fit thou knewest well,—

Couldst cheer, admonish, or reprove.

I think of thee, as when among

The gathering groups of children poor ;

Thou stoodest midst the happy throng

Around the well-known schoolroom door,

On the dear, welcome Sabbath morn,

When this world's cares and toils were gone ;

Thy face benign and graceful form

Seemed our little system's sun !

And when with awe we follow'd thee,

Entering, each took the place assign'd ;

Silence and sweet serenity

Composed each humble face and mind,

And then thy clear and ardent voice
 Led our glad morning hymn of praise :
 Our hearts could then in God rejoice
 And holy pleasures crown'd our days !

Then at the throne of grace we bow'd,
 And thou didst pour the fervent prayer ;
 Our souls with true devotion glow'd,
 We felt that God was surely there.
 I think of thee, and raise my eyes
 In humble, pleading prayer to heaven,
 That God again would o'er us rise,
 And Gospel grace again be given.

L I N E S

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN EYTON, ELDEST SON
 OF THE BELOVED PASTOR.

(February 19th, 1836.)

I WELL remember thee
 A smiling, rosy boy !
 On thy brow there was native dignity ;
 In thine eyes a chasten'd joy ;
 Thy grandsire's lofty mien,
 And thy father's gentle grace ;
 And the look benign, the charm serene,
 Of the true patrician race !

All these, fair youth, were thine
 In thy life's unclouded morn;
 And thy sun seem'd destin'd long to shine
 Thy brilliant sphere to adorn.
 But ah! a sudden cloud
 Cast o'er thy course its gloom;
 Perhaps it thy buoyant spirit bow'd,
 And hasten'd thee to the tomb.

Short was thy mortal race,
 Thy course to me unknown;
 Yet hope assures, that in paths of peace
 Thou didst well and safely run;
 Even as thy infant feet
 With gentle care were led
 In pure religion's calm retreat
 In happy hours long fled.

And when the shades of death
 Around thee began to lower,
 The cheering beams of well-founded faith
 Illumin'd that dark hour;
 When, far from friends away,
 On thy lonely couch extended,
 Thy graceful form all blighted lay,
 By stranger hands attended.

For thy parents' lot was thine,
 Among strangers to droop and die ;
 No friend to mark the faint, last "sign,"
 Or receive thy parting sigh.
 Well, if the Unseen Hand
 Which cheer'd their dying bed,
 And their happy spirits in hope sustain'd,
 Was underneath thy head ;

Though thy poor mortal frame
 Might feel a pang severe,
 And nature might pensively complain
 And shed a sorrowing tear ;
 Yet the last struggle o'er,
 Thy spirit would mount on high,
 And father, mother,—to part no more,—
 Would meet thee triumphantly !

And embrace their darling son,
 And bear thee on joyful wing
 O'er the heavenly plains to the eternal throne ;
 Where the ransom'd ever sing,
 And the heavenly company bless'd
 Strike louder their sounding lyres,
 That another belov'd one has gain'd his rest
 And join'd their glorious choirs !

NOTE.—This amiable young gentleman died in London,
 and was buried in the churchyard of Old St. Pancras.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE FOREGOING SUBJECT.

MY spirit wanders on this sacred day,
 And glides alternately from grave to grave ;
 Now over hers—beneath the western ray,
 And now o'er his—beside the harbour wave,
 And now, alas ! o'er his—so lately clos'd,
 Near to the mighty city's crowded scene !
 Ah ! how their precious dust has been dispos'd !
 What miles of separating space between !

Why was affection's earnest wish denied ?
 Their lov'd remains might have reposed here—
 Laid in their native churchyard, side by side—
 Their hallow'd graves bedew'd with many a tear—
 Spontaneous tears ! How many would have flow'd
 From eyes which oft had beamed with delight,
 While gazing on the honour'd man of God,
 When he stood mighty in the " Spirit's might ! "

Pointing our faith to the Redeemer's cross,
 The " living way " to yonder world above ;
 Drawing our hearts from this world's worthless
 dross—

Opening the treasures of a Saviour's love !
 Oh, blessed themes ! oh, happy Sabbath days !
 How swiftly did your glories pass away !

Yet, let me not arraign the Almighty's ways,
Nor hang too fondly o'er the precious clay

So widely separated here below,
Their spirits are together in the skies ;
And while my tears commemorative flow,
My spirit joins the heavenly harmonies
Which they are swelling, all in unison,
With seraph songs and harps of golden string,
Around the Saviour's everlasting throne—
He who was dead, who lives—the eternal King !

THE PASTOR'S WIFE.

I KNEW her when on earth—she's now in heaven !
And well remember all her virtues fair—
Rich fruits from faith's deep-rooted, vigorous stem ;
Not those of nature's frail and stunted growth.
Nature had given much, high-breeding more,
To her exterior—mild and dignified ;
The placid stillness of a soul serene
Was seen in every feature, clear and bright.
And when she spoke, her voice of silvery sound
Was music, which commanded every ear,—
Soft, high, and clear ; its accent elegant ;
No affectation of a simpering whisper,
Nor aught of the "sharp piercings of a sword"

In its melodious tones ; one felt its charm,
And knew at once it was a lady's voice !

But not the *lady*, 'tis the *saint* I sing,
The humble follower in the Saviour's train.

A Mary or Susanna of her day,
She minister'd to her belov'd Redeemer,
In his lov'd "little ones," or blessed poor,
Or sat with meek attention at His feet,
And heard His Word from His evangelists.

Methinks I see her now, within the courts
Of the Lord's house ! Abstracted all she seem'd
From meaner things ; her fervent soul beam'd bright
In her expressive eyes and glowing cheek.
Oh ! how she hung upon the preacher's lips !
And when it was her own beloved one,
Her joy and admiration seem'd complete !
And he was worthy of the fond regard
Of a devoted heart like hers, and of the love
Of all his happy, highly-favour'd flock ;
And she was fitted well to be the wife
Of such a Pastor ; for his doctrine pure
Was well exemplified in all her life.
Her spirit, temper, conversation, deeds,
Were finely cast in the true Gospel mould ;
Humble and meek, she ever gladly took
The lowest place, and would contented sit
As a meek learner at the feet of some

Inferior far in rank, yet as she judg'd
 Better experienc'd in the way of truth ;
 Yet she had fear'd the Lord from early youth,
 Her Bible every part she read and knew.
 Oft have I listen'd with delight while she
 Repeated, with a sweet simplicity,
 Promises, precepts, facts, and narratives,
 All with the greatest ease, as if they were
 Her own from early days of infancy.
 And when she read the sacred records clear,
 To instruct the poor, whether adults or children,
 Her faithful exposition of the text
 Might have enlighten'd many a learned scribe.

Yet she assumed nothing, and by some
 Was judg'd a poor weak woman !—Had they heard
 Her pious converse, full of heavenly love
 And judgment sound, they might have deeply
 blush'd

At their own ignorance and rash decision.
 Nor were her virtues of the gentler kind
 Only ; the simple and implicit faith
 From which they sprang, also produc'd
 A fortitude as strong as it was true.

When keen distress and anguish most severe,
 Which might have borne an earthly spirit down,
 At once was destin'd suddenly to wound
 Her hitherto serene and cheerful breast,

That fortitude was seen in all its strength.

Ah! blessed woman, with delight I trace
Thy short and shining course of humble faith!
The arduous duties of a "Pastor's Wife"
Thou didst indeed fulfil! thou couldst rejoice
To see the knowledge of the Lord diffus'd
By any means—His glory was thy aim!

Dear is thy memory! I could now recall
A thousand virtues, scarcely understood
Or notic'd, only in their influence:
And who shall tell the influence of one
Like thee?—Eternity alone; that great
And final clearer up of mysteries.
How will it show the vast, the dread importance
Of one example—plac'd before the view
Of thousands in some much-observed sphere!

Thou didst pass through this world a pilgrim fair;
In look, and garb, and conversation pure,
Thy influence *was felt*; and oh! it led
Many a bless'd soul to God, to peace, to heaven!

FOURTEENTH ANNIVERSARY.

THERE was the calm of holiness
In every look and act serene,
Diffusing its own hallow'd peace
Through every mind, in every scene,

Where thou didst move in state benign,
 Beloved Pastor ! gentle guide !
 That holy calm, so sweetly thine,
 These eyes have seen in none beside.

Before it all disorder fled,
 Discordant noise was hush'd and still'd,
 Order and love their influence shed,
 And harmony the pure air fill'd.
 Methinks I feel its sacred charm,
 Soothing my weary spirit now,
 Like sunbeams soft, when pass'd the storm,
 And cheering as the covenant bow !

It was not Nature, though her hand
 Had given thee manly beauty rare ;
 Nor courtesy's refinements bland,
 Though favour'd with no common share.
 No ;—'twas the light of holiness
 Whose glory so benignly shone,
 Reflected from thy Saviour's face,
 Made by habitual faith thy own.

It was the sunshine of thy mind,
 The inward grace, whose beamings bright
 Diffus'd that lustre so refin'd,
 And gave thine eye, thy brow, their light.

Ah ! faithful shepherd, could mine eyes
 Behold again such glorious days,
 How would my raptur'd spirit rise !
 How would my tongue adore and praise !

Such glorious days as when thy care
 Watch'd o'er thy little favour'd flock,
 And led us all to pastures fair,
 Beneath the shadow of the rock,
 From whence the "living waters" glide,
 To cheer us on the desert road ;
 Thy daily theme—" Christ crucified,
 The wisdom and the power of God."

How did thy doctrine set Him forth
 In His all-perfect righteousness ;
 No "filthy rags" of *human worth*
 Tack'd to that rich and royal dress !
 No ; all was clear, and ardent crowds
 Flock'd every Sabbath-day to hear,
 " As home-bound doves in moving clouds"
 They hasten'd towards the house of prayer !

Oh ! blessed Sabbaths, when 'twas mine
 With happy thousands to adore !
 Rejoicing in the light divine,
 And feeling all its saving power !

Shall I again such pleasures prove
 On earth ? or is the glory gone —
 Reserv'd in the bright courts above,
 To be enjoy'd in heaven alone ?

FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY.

REMEMBRANCE turns her hallow'd page,
 And scenes in all their bright array
 My solitary thoughts engage—
 Glories that long have pass'd away !
 When with our faithful Pastor, friend,
 In joyful praise and fervent prayer,
 Our happy years were wont to end
 And to begin beneath his care.

His constant, ever-cheering theme
 Was the Redeemer's *care and love*,—
 Peace, hope, and joy, built upon *Him*,
 The "corner stone" that cannot move.
 Methinks I see his beaming face,
 And hear his mild persuasive voice,
 While he set forth the Saviour's grace,
 And bade us in the "Lord rejoice !"

"Careful for nothing, your requests
 To God in humble prayer make known,

And He will keep your tranquil breasts
 In peace—His Spirit's hallow'd home !"
 We felt the Word's renewing power ;
 The world, and all its fashions vain,
 We thought could fascinate no more,
 Nor triumph in our hearts again !

But ah ! long years of chilling shade
 Have shed o'er the bright scene a gloom ;
 The *garden* is a *desert* made,
 And fruits of grace no longer bloom !
 Our minds have stray'd o'er earthly things,
 Forgetful of our hope, our trust,
 Low-thoughted care has clipp'd our wings,
 We cleave to the debasing dust !

What have we gain'd ? Oh ! cheerless thought,
 Look round on scenes of shameless crime—
 God's Sabbath slighted; set at nought,
 His house almost an empty shrine !
 Is this the once delightful scene
 Of Sabbath peace and order fair—
 Where, with the morning's early beam,
 Arose the voice of praise and prayer ?—

Where Sabbath-hours were far too short
 For fervent worshippers who bow'd,
 And yonder spacious sacred court
Too strait for the assembled crowd

Beloved Pastor ! streaming tears
 Flow from my heaven-directed eyes,
 While musing on those plenteous years
 When souls were fill'd with rich supplies !

Yet while I weep, O Lord, I praise ;
 Thy humble people have been fed ;
 Through all the famine's dreary days
 We have not lack'd the living bread !
 Then let our waiting souls be strong,
 And we shall yet Thy glory see ;
 And though the trial-day be long,
 May we abide unmov'd in Thee !

SIXTEENTH ANNIVERSARY.

WERT thou mine idol ? Did I place
 Thee on my young heart's throne ?
 Did I to thee that homage raise
 Which should be God's alone ?
 No, no ; I lov'd thee. Oh ! how well
 I lov'd the grace bestow'd,
 To hear thee of its wonders tell ;
 But thou wert not my God.

And I admir'd thy graceful form,
 Thy face so fair and fine ;

Yet it was dust, and would return
 To dust, though half divine ;
 It was the spirit there enshrin'd
 Which gave that face its beam ;
 The holy, *renovated mind*
 Which shed that smile serene.

Wert thou mine idol ? When I heard
 Thy mild, impressive tone,
 Did I regard the sacred word
 And love it as thine own ?
 Oh ! no ; it was thy blessed theme
 Which fix'd my willing ear ;
 Thy earnest voice still told of Him
 To ransom'd sinners dear.

Therefore 'twas sweet as seraph's lyre
 Of softest, golden string ;
 It drew the soaring spirit higher,
 To where the seraphs sing.
 Wert thou mine idol ? When at last
 The mournful tidings came,
 That thy short trial-day was past,
 Thy soul had burst its chain,

I wept and pour'd my deep complaint,
 The world look'd drear and lone ;

Yet in my course I did not faint,
 Though my lov'd guide was gone.
 My father in the Lord wert thou,
 My guide on Zion's road :
 I lov'd thee, and I love thee now ;
 But thou wert not my God.

Oh ! no : while thus I sing of thee
 My spirit soars afar—
 The palace of eternity,
 Beyond the farthest star,
 Rises to view ; I see thee there,
 Before the glorious throne ,
 Thy robe of righteousness is fair,
 And bright thy jewell'd crown !

Ah ! thou didst tell me of the grace
 Which has prepar'd for *me*
 A mansion in that happy place,
 My Pastor, as for thee ;
 And didst not thou deserve my love ?
 Can I forget thy care ?
 Memory of thee will ever move
 A grateful, filial tear !

SEVENTEENTH ANNIVERSARY.

LIGHTING our " candlestick of gold"
 A radiant star was shining bright—

Fair in its magnitude and mould,
 And pure and heavenly its light.
 Ah ! favour'd church, the Mighty One,
 Whom sinners trust and angels praise—
 “ Who midst His churches walks,” the sun—
 Gave that refulgent star its blaze.

And did not many hearts rejoice
 Beneath its light ? did we not love
 By it to make the better choice—
 By it to seek the things above ?
 Did not its penetrating ray
 Make manifest each darker deed—
 Make idle folly slink away,
 And grosser sin conceal its head ?

Yes ; the “ true light ” was shining round—
 No vague, bewildering, twilight gleams,
 Which light and darkness so confound,
 The traveller dreads the fitful beams.
 No ; while that star illum'd our skies
 All was bright light, defin'd and clear ;
 But ah ! how soon to our fond eyes
 It set—no more to guide us here !

It set—and ah ! the gloomy shades
 For seventeen long and dreary years
 Have hover'd o'er our drooping heads,
 Unmov'd by prayers, and sighs, and tears !

A darkness 'tis which "*may be felt*"—

Yet has the kind Almighty power,
Which justly the chastisement dealt,
Preserv'd us to the present hour !

And often breaking through the gloom
Our sky has had its *little stars*,
Whose true light could our path illume,
And show the desert's pits and snares !
And though the envious clouds have spread,
And tried to veil their cheering beam,
The heavenly light has triumphed,
And gilded many a dreary scene.

Yet still to *thee*, the brighter star,
Guide of my youth, I fondly turn,
And through the long, long past, afar,
I see thy beaming smile, and mourn !
As Bethlehem's star the sages led,
To hail Judea's Saviour King,
So did the light upon *thee* shed,
My feet to the same Saviour bring !

'Tis still *the light*, whose heavenly ray
Now points and cheers me on the road,
To those not distant realms of day,
Where, round the glorious throne of God,
We may rejoice and give the praise
All, all to Him who bade *thee* shine,

And caus'd the same celestial rays
Which fill'd thy orb to lighten mine !

EIGHTEENTH ANNIVERSARY.

I SAW thee each tranquil Sabbath-day
For many a happy year ;
But 'twas where thou couldst not always stray,
'Twas in this mortal sphere.
I heard thee telling of glorious themes,
Thy voice inspired by God,
And still describing heavenly scenes
While in thy earthly abode ;
I join'd in thy fervent, pleading prayer
Address'd to our Father's throne ;
While thou didst unburden thy heart of care,
For 'twas where care is known.

With heart and lips I have join'd thy song
Of devotion's sacred flow,
While worshipping midst the happy throng
Here in the courts below ;
I lov'd to meet thee, my gentle guide—
Ah ! who shall tell thy worth ?
As an angel of peace thou didst camly glide
Amidst the scenes of earth ;
I shall see thee again, in that region fair,
Where the Sabbaths never end,

And we shall abide for ever there,
 With the sinner's changeless Friend !

I shall hear thee again with pure delight
 Tell of redeeming love ;
 And the joys which faith had sketch'd so bright
 Shall be realiz'd above !
 I shall join thy full-ton'd fervent voice,
 Where prayer is lost in praise ;
 And together our spirits shall rejoice
 Through everlasting days,
 In the land where tears are wip'd away,
 Where hearts are never riven,
 Where clouds obscure not the shining day,
 We shall meet, we shall meet in heaven !

L I N E S

ON THE DEATH OF HENRY NATHANIEL, FIFTH SON OF
 THE BELOVED PASTOR, WHO DIED AT PENZANCE,
 CORNWALL.

(September 30th, 1841.)

A LOVELY babe, smiling with infant charms,
 Was given by his fond parents to the arms
 Of a dear aged saint* of virtues rare,
 That he might have her blessing and her prayer.

* The late Mrs. Fletcher, of Madeley.

She held him up, as Simeon held the babe
 Once given our lost and guilty race to save,
 And thus, with holy fervour, did she plead :—
 “ Oh ! make this child an Israelite indeed,
 In whom shall be no guile !” His parents smil'd,
 And gave the name Nathaniel to the child.
 They watch'd the openings of his infant mind ;
 His thoughts, his tempers, all by truth refin'd,
 Shone in their beautiful simplicity ;
 Open, confiding, from suspicion free,
 No shrewd evasion, no deceitful wile—
 The little Israelite was free from guile.
 Short was his sojourn in this world below,
 Four summers only shone upon his brow ;
 Then he was borne away to heaven's bright plains,
 Where truth in fair, unclouded beauty reigns !—
 His native clime, where no dark shadows roll,
 He reach'd it ere “ deceit beguil'd his soul.”
 His parents mourn'd their lovely one, yet lov'd
 The hand which thus their faith and patience
 prov'd ;
 And He whose tender love the mourner cheers,
 Repair'd the breach, and wip'd away their tears.
 To their embrace another son was given,
 To fill the place of that remov'd to heaven ;
 To him they gave the same expressive name,
 And, as he grew, he seem'd the very same

In spirit, manners ; the bright beam of truth
 Shed its own beauty on the guileless youth ;
 That heavenly light—a sure, unerring guide—
 To him the place of parents well supplied,
 (For they were taken from their orphans soon ;
 Their sun set suddenly, in life's fair noon.)
 He bore his part amidst the scenes of time,
 Attain'd the verge of early manhood's prime ;
 His lot was favour'd, blessings crown'd his head,
 Religion, friendship, affluence richly shed
 Their gifts around him ; when a sudden shade
 Darken'd his sky,—health's rose began to fade
 Upon his cheek, and soon the withering power
 Of pale disease cut down the lovely flower.
 Ah ! many a friend sighs sadly, “ He is gone !
 With parents, friends, he shares a heavenly home ;
 He lives and smiles in ever-blooming youth,
 Bright with the radiance of celestial truth ! ”
 Yes ; he is gone ! Short was his trial-day,—
 “ The bright and beautiful soon pass away ! ”
 Sweet is the assurance, we shall meet again,
 In realms where pleasures evermore remain !

NINETEENTH ANNIVERSARY.

How often, on the Sabbath's closing eve,
 After a day begun with early dawn,

Its every moment spent in thy lov'd work,
 Of feeding thy lov'd Master's sheep and lambs,
 Has some spark kindled in thy glowing mind,
 Struck sometimes by a simple, short reply
 Of some of thy long-favour'd little ones,
 My Pastor! And what heavenly light has shone
 On truths prophetic, which seem'd dark before!
 Yes; I have heard thee tell, with solemn awe,
 The horrors of the "perilous last times,"—
 Of the deep mystery of iniquity
 The man of sin, the wicked one, reveal'd;
 Showing, with power Satanic, "signs and wonders,
 Deceiving those who *loved not the truth!*"
 Then thou wouldst tell, in words which made one
 Tremble and thrill, of that most dreadful state—
 "The strong delusion which believes a lie!"

And oh! the scene of grandeur terrible,
 Which thou wouldst open with a master's hand,
 Of that great day, when "He, the Lord, shall come,
 And with the spirit of his mouth consume
 That wicked" power! And then how sweet to hear
 Thee tell the glories of the reign of peace!—
 A present Saviour as the King of saints,
 Enthron'd amidst his happy, faithful ones!

And were these themes merely fine theories
 Leading to no plain, practical result?
 Oh, no!—whatever doctrine thou didst teach

Bore closely on the state of heart and life
 Of those who heard ; all pointed to one end—
 Salvation from the power and love of sin,
 Through Him who liv'd and died for helpless
 sinners ;
 All breath'd of heaven, and wak'd our sluggish
 souls,
 And made them rise above earth's sordid joys
 And flattering hopes. And oh ! the meaner things
 Of our short trial-day appear'd as light
 As vanity itself to our rapt spirits
 In those delightful moments of true joy !

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

MY Pastor, though twenty long years
 Have pass'd since thy spirit was freed,
 Yet remembrance, with smiles and with tears,
 Awakens my annual meed,
 And recalls every holier scene
 Of that sacred and accepted time,
 When the Spirit's bright heavenly beam
 Made clear thy instructions divine.

Twenty years since thy body was laid
 In its cold, silent grave far away ;
 And the worm may some inroads have made
 On thy precious and finely-wrought clay.

Twenty years since thy spirit began
 To sing with the ransom'd above,
 Round the bright throne of God and the Lamb,
 In the regions of light and of love !

Twenty years since the battle was closed,
 And the last glorious victory gain'd ;
 Twenty years has the warrior repos'd,
 And in glory triumphantly reign'd !
 Does he think of the toils of the war
 With regret, as lost labour and pain ?
 And remembering scar after scar,
 Does he think there was one made in vain ?

Oh, no !—while he wears his bright crown,
 And shares in the seraphim's glow,
 Or when he looks wondering down
 On the field of his conflict below,
 Or when he glides lightsome and bland
 With the heavenly escort, to meet
 Some one of his own little band,
 And lead them to Jesus's feet,

He remembers the dark battle-field,
 And praises with higher delight
 His Captain, who taught him to wield
 The armour, well prov'd for the fight.
 As the battle's results are made known
 More and more to his unclouded soul,

He feels that the influence of one
 May the fate of a thousand control.

Had he liv'd in inglorious ease,
 His oath of allegiance disclaim'd,
 Unmindful his Captain to please,
 In whose lists he was solemnly nam'd,
 No crown had encircled his head,
 No happy victorious band
 Would have follow'd where he bravely led,
 To the holy, the heavenly land.

Behold yonder dark field of gore,
 Where armies and chieftains contend ;
 On the deeds of that terrible hour,
 The fate of vast empires depend.
 The victor of that glorious day
 Will be laid in a laurel-crown'd grave ;
 On the field of that stern mortal fray
 The green grass will peacefully wave ;

No trace of the conflict remain
 On the spot where the battle was won ;
 But oh ! the events in its train
 Establish'd or shook many a throne !
 The hero to victory led,
 And his thousands with true courage fir'd ;
 Alas ! had he fainted, or fled,
 What different results had transpir'd !

'Tis thus in the spiritual war,
 A leader, courageous and true,
 Points his band to the glories afar,
 And inspires them with courage anew ;
 They follow to victory sure,
 Their lov'd standard-bearer surround,
 And the fruits of his conquests endure,
 And he is accepted, and crown'd !

TWENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

"SMITE the Shepherd, and scatter the flock,"—
 The dread command was given ;
 And o'er desert, and mountain, and rock,
 The helpless sheep were driven.
 Some wander'd about to seek in the land
 A pasture as green and fair,
 A shepherd of kind and gentle hand,
 And waters as fresh and clear
 As those which had long been their delight,
 Now wither'd, and dried, and gone.
 They sought in vain ; a lot so bright
 To them no more was known.
 Bewilder'd they roam'd and found no rest,
 As the toss'd and driven wave ;
 Their unstable souls, untaught, unblest,
 Were powerless the storm to brave.

And many there were who gaily hail'd
 The smiles of a treacherous calm ;
 And Pleasure's delusive arts prevail'd,
 And her softly soothing balm
 Heal'd slightly their spirit's transient wound,
 And they soon forgot to mourn
 For the shepherd true, and the verdant ground,
 And the days which would not return.

Sometimes a sentimental sigh,
 With an exclamation vain,
 They breath'd for a moment, mournfully,
 Then join'd the gay world again.
 A few, a lowly few, still clung
 To their long-lov'd native hill ;
 And from its unfailing rock there sprung
 The living waters still,
 Which made their pasture fresh and green,
 And cheer'd them on the road,
 And, with feet untir'd and souls serene,
 Press'd on to the high abode ;

And one by one they have pass'd on high
 And have reach'd the fold above—
 Join'd their lov'd shepherd in yonder sky,
 And live with him in love !
 There are two or three left on the trial scene
 Of the little, favour'd band,

Who love to remember and tell of him
 Who show'd them that better land,
 Where all shall meet again, and sing
 The praises of our God,
 And rest, without fear of wandering
 From that secure abode !

TWENTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

ARE not earthly prospects fading ?—
 Brightest ones have pass'd away !
 What a lovely scene departed
 On this yet remember'd day !—
 Fields of beauty, lighten'd by the Gospel's ray.

Oh ! how passing fair and fruitful
 Was the vineyard smiling round !
 Cheering were the hymns of gladness,
 And the word of certain sound ;
 Sweet the service, light the bands which round us
 wound !—

Bands of love—cords of affection,
 Such as may be worn in heaven,
 Drew our hearts to sacred objects,
 And to pleasures freely given !
 Souls united had not then been sorely riven.

Suddenly, the shades of sorrow
 Shed on all a fearful gloom :
 Parting sighs, and death's sad farewells,
 And the silence of the tomb
 Clos'd around us, and our sun went down at noon.
 Many years since then have glided
 Softly as the rolling wave,
 Bearing on to realms eternal
 Mortals through the darksome grave.
 Oh ! how many of the beautiful and brave !
 Yet, when once the strongest twinings
 Of the fervent, youthful heart,
 Have been wisely rent asunder—
 Pass'd that first most painful smart—
 With remaining joys we can more calmly part !
 Ah ! my Pastor ; when the tidings
 Of thy death were surely brought,
 What a change came o'er my prospects !
 All appear'd "a thing of nought"
 At that moment!—this world was not worth a
 thought.
 Since that day how many lov'd ones
 Have I yielded to the tomb !
 Many cherish'd hopes have faded,
 Many bright scenes clos'd in gloom !
 I have sorrow'd, but my grief subsided soon.

Now, while earthly flowers are drooping,
 Though poor nature still must sigh,
 Faith points to a lovely garden,
 Where no tender plant shall die,
 But shall flourish, fairer through eternity !

Ah ! my Pastor, I remember
 All thy teachings with delight !
 They have warn'd in hours of pleasure,
 Cheer'd me in affliction's night—
 Sweet revealings of the hopes of glory bright !

Time is passing—oh ! how swiftly ;
 Meetings in the heavens are near,
 For the Son of Man with glory
 In the clouds shall soon appear !
 Then, my Pastor, joys eternal we may share !

OBSERVED DAYS.

I will not say, “ I stand upon a wreck ;”
 Such vain complaints I will indulge no more.
 My bark is gliding still, and from its deck
 I calmly look on yonder happy shore,
 Towards which each rough or gentle wave is bearing
 Surely and happily this vessel frail ;
 The long-desired haven I am nearing,
 And soon shall those belov'd companions hail

Who for a while, on shining summer seas,
Sail'd with me,—and not one of them is lost.
They pass'd me, borne by a propitious breeze,
And sooner gain'd their wish'd-for native coast
They were a goodly band, and very dear ;
I think of them, and daily call to mind
Their several virtues and their graces fair,
And do not now expect their like to find
In any voyager who alongside steers
My little bark. Therefore I love to muse
On the delightful past—its days and years,
While memory their bright history reviews.

I mark the days on which these worthy ones
Enter'd upon life's chequer'd trial scene.
The birthdays of the heirs to heavenly thrones
May well awake the friendly muse's theme !
The day which gave a *friend*, to share the joys
And passing sorrows of the passing hour,
May well be noted ; and though time destroys
Some memories dear, on this it has no power

And ah ! the day which in “time's course” best
A faithful Pastor, to direct and guide
Immortal souls to their forgiving God,
And gently lead them to their Saviour's side,
This is no common day, for who shall tell
Its blessings ? My rapt spirit soars on high,

Assur'd this day will be remember'd well
Throughout the ages of eternity !

But mortals die ! the dearest and the best
Are taken early from their place on earth,
And the mark'd days on which they gain'd their rest
Are sacred, as the days which gave them birth.
To the surviving friend remembrance brings
Each dear departed one in order due ;
Their funeral songs affection fondly sings,
And tells of them, the amiable and true.

The pastor, and the pastor's wife, so fair ;
The happy friend, of humble tranquil mind ;
The ingenuous, guileless youth, so justly dear ;
Companions courteous and associates kind ;—
None are forgotten ! Though 'tis many a day
Since some departed, yet I see them still
In thought ; for since they pass'd from earth away
I feel alone—for none *their places* fill.
But we shall meet again ; the time is short,
Scene after scene recedes and fades from view ;
Faith onward looks to the eternal port,
“ The company of heaven,” and pleasures true !

TWENTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY.

'Tis three and twenty years since ! At that time
My Pastor, thy deplor'd removal made

A chasm in my heart, and caus'd to fade
 Some cherish'd flowers ; yet life was in its prime,
 Earth's prospects had not wholly ceas'd to shine ;
 The things of time some beauties still display'd,
 (Though soberiz'd) yet speciously array'd,
 Seeming like things eternal and divine !
 But three and twenty years do something more
 In the believer than deface the bloom
 Of youth. Yes, as those years I number o'er,
 Of varied aspect—sunshine, storm, and gloom,
 I smile at their events, which seem'd so great,
 In passing, to depress or to elate.
 I mourn'd thy death, my Pastor, deeply mourn'd ;
 Nor has thy place, to me, been ever fill'd ;
 And as this day has annually return'd,
 All other thoughts and feelings have been still'd.
 Yet each succeeding year brings calmer views,
 For things to come on earth I would not choose ;
 My hopes are fix'd on future scenes, more bright,
 And well I know the past has all been right !

TWENTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY.

THE scenes of time are fading,
 They lose their dazzling light ;
 The mists of eve are shading
 Whate'er at noon was bright.

Companions are removed
 With each revolving year,
 And graves of friends beloved
 On either hand appear.

Remembrance tells her story
 On this returning day,
 Of long-departed glory,
 Which shed a heavenly ray
 Around our favour'd dwellings,
 Illum'd with sacred light,
 And open'd sweet revealings
 Of distant regions bright.

Those views of life eternal
 Still glad my ardent eyes ;
 Those prospects ever vernal
 I see more clearly rise.
 Thus far the Lord hath brought me,
 Since, in the days of youth,
 My faithful Pastor taught me
 The way of peace and truth ;

And though he soon departed
 To his prepared rest,
 I have not been deserted,
 Perplexed, or distress'd.

Oh, no ; the Lord still reigneth,
 My refuge and my stay,
 Unchanging He remaineth
 Whate'er may pass away.

To-day I feel as standing
 On Jordan's shelving side ;
 I see the firm, fair landing
 Far o'er the swelling tide ;
 And there, my gentle Pastor,
 We shall with rapture meet
 Before our glorious Master,
 And worship at His feet.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.

'Tis a bright and beautiful world !
 The joyous, sparkling eye,
 And the lip with smiles of pleasure curl'd,
 And the heart untaught to sigh ;
 And the smiling summer skies,
 And the meadows, fresh and green,
 And the village gay festivities,
 And the lover's fairy dream !
 And the social, dear delights
 Of a rural native home,

Through summer days and winter nights,
 Still charming, and my own :—
 Such were the views of youth,
 Of scenes which pass away,
 Till in my soul the light of truth
 Shed its more lucid ray.

My Pastor ! thy lov'd voice
 Told of that purer light,
 And of a world of purer joys,
 More beautiful and bright ;
 Through grace I set my heart
 To seek those brighter skies.
 I sought, and found the better part,
 And my spirit learn'd to rise.

I have journied many years
 Since thou didst point the road,
 And thou hast long left these lower spheres,
 Long gain'd that bright abode.
 And my life's sun has pass'd
 Its clear and glowing noon ;
 Soon will its evening shadows haste,
 Yet not array'd in gloom.

Oh, no ! A summer's day
 Thus far my life has been ;
 And, I trust, a cheering heavenly ray
 Will glad its evening scene ;

Or, if the clouds should rise,
 And tempests darkly rage,
 The bow of peace on the frowning skies
 Will brighter days presage.

Days crown'd with bliss divine,
 My Pastor, we shall share,
 And many a voice unite with mine
 To bless thy pastoral care :
 And the Chief Shepherd, too,
 Shall thy lov'd flock regard,
 And place around thy placid brow
 The crown of free reward !

TWENTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY.

"That ye may be able after my decease to have these things always in remembrance."—2 Peter i. 15.

(Motto on the Titlepage of his printed Sermons.)

SWEET motto ! with each swift returning year
 I gladly read the well-known titlepage,
 And with increasing eagerness engage
 In the bless'd study of these volumes dear
 Of human writings, ever the most clear
 To my perception : no fam'd ancient sage,
 Or lecturer of this *enlightened age*,
 Can equal the instruction given here.

And as this motto strikes upon the eye
 And vibrates on the well-attuned heart,
 It moves at once a smile, a tear, a sigh,
 And seems high inspiration to impart ;
 Gives me again his tender pastoral care ;
 His faithful warnings and his fervent prayer,
 His wise instruction and the " word with power,"
 Revive my soul, and bless my lonely hour !
 Yes ; though 'tis many years since his decease,
 The things he taught belonging to my peace
 I well remember :—how could I forget ?
 And in these pages I possess them yet.
 Oh ! ever may the Spirit's light divine
 Upon these sacred truths more brightly shine !

TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY.

MY Pastor, precious is the memory
 Of thy instructions ! Oh, I love to muse
 On thy soul-stirring and expanding views
 Of grace and truth, in Christ so full and free,
 Justice and mercy met in harmony !
 Hard was the heart that ever could refuse
 To hear thy doctrine, soft as the summer dews,
 Bright as the sunlight shining gloriously !
 And often now, when the last closing signs
 Of this world's date and history appear,

When earth's convulsions mark the latter times,

I think of thy elucidations clear—

Of the prophetic page, whose opening roll

Gave inspiration to thy kindling soul.

These sweet instructions calmly I review,

And bless the favouring grace which made them
mine ;

Later exponents tell me little new ;

Their notes, my Pastor, do but echo thine.

Thy faith, still founded on the written word,

Allow'd no fiat but—" Thus saith the Lord !"

I well remember how thou didst explain

The mediatorial right, and glorious reign ;

The triumphs of the King of Righteousness ;

The thousand years of pure terrestrial bliss ;

The last bold struggle of the unchain'd foe—

His fearful doom, and final overthrow ;

The thousand years of judgment, calm and clear ;

The general fire, and end of all things here.

Then the new heaven and earth, prepar'd, adorn'd

With every beauty—all that e'er deform'd

The first earth and first heaven pass'd away !

No cloud obscures the bright eternal day

Which shines upon the New Jerusalem,

The holy city where our God doth reign

In glorious light ! All things to him subdued,

Surrounded by a glorious multitude,

Redeemer and redeem'd before Him fall—
 Redemption finished—God is all in all!

TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY.

METHINKS I hear his teaching,
 So mild, so deep, so clear,
 The heart's recesses reaching
 Through the attentive ear.

As gentle dew distilling,
 His doctrine cheer'd the soul,
 And every rebel feeling
 Was held in sweet control.

The daring sinner listen'd
 With strange surprise and fear,
 And in his fall eye glisten'd
 The penitential tear;
 The trifler heard and ponder'd
 His vain and heartless ways,
 The humble Christian wonder'd,
 And join'd in prayer and praise.

The wounded heart was soothed,
 And bless'd the healing balm,
 The brow of care was smoothied,
 The troubled breast was calm'd;

The youthful mind was trained
 To search the Sacred Word,
 The wanderer was reclaimed
 And brought to serve the Lord.

The Spirit's seal was given,
 The word was cloth'd with power,
 The blessing came from heaven
 In that accepted hour.
 'Twas *that* divine outpouring
 Which made the fruitful field,
 And caus'd our hearts adoring
 Before the truth to yield.

In vain did worldly pleasure
 Allure our souls to rove ;
 Our joy, our hope, our treasure
 Were sought in things above !
 Sweet are these recollections
 Of happy years gone by ;
 They wake my best affections,
 And draw my thoughts on high !

IN MEMORY OF FRIENDS DEPARTED.

" FRIENDS ahead !" the sailor hails,
 As he nears the wish'd-for shore ;

Trims afresh his flagging sails,
 Sends his ardent eyes before !
 Happier still his hearty cheer,
 If that wish'd-for shore is home,—
 Spot belov'd and welcome, where
 " Friends ahead " are dearly known !
 " Friends ahead ! " in heavenly land,
 Spirits pure this day I greet !
 Long to join the shining band,
 And again rejoicing meet.
 Since we parted company
 I have had some storms to brave,
 Passing soon ; and now my sea
 Scarcely shows a rippling wave !
 " Friends ahead," and land in view,
 Should an adverse gale arise,
 I will gladly think of you,
 While I trust my Pilot wise.
 On the fair celestial plain,
 When the voyage of life is o'er,
 Brothers, sisters, meet again,
 Kindred spirits part no more !
 " Friends ahead," though lost to sight,
 Faith can pierce the misty shade,
 Realise the land of light,
 And the bowers which never fade !—

Hold sweet converse still with you,
 Join your song and feel your bliss,
 Sharing all the pleasures true
 Of the heavenly Paradise !

TWENTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY.

SCENES of time away are gliding,
 Changing with each passing year :
 We on earth have no abiding,
 “ No continuing city here.”
 Many changes have gone o'er me
 Since that still remember'd day,
 When to realms of endless glory
 My lov'd Pastor soar'd away !

Soon his work on earth was ended—
 Blessed work of love and peace—
 With the Spirit's power attended,
 Turning souls to righteousness ;
 Deep, within my heart's recesses
 Treasured up, the word remains ;
 Still its unction cheers and blesses,
 And through grace all-powerful reigns.

Soon his spirit was prepared
 For its high and heavenly home,

By attendant angels carried
 To the great Redeemer's throne ;
 There he dwells and sings unceasing
 Of the grace which led him here—
 Grace which made him still a blessing
 To the people of his care.

Many happy ones have follow'd
 Him to that divine abode,
 There they live in friendship, hallow'd
 In the presence of our God.
 Happy day, when those remaining
 Shall ascend and join their lays—
 All united, all proclaiming
 Our ador'd Redeemer's praise !

THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

As life declines and prospects fade,
 And evening shades are gathering round
 And dreamy darkling mists are spread
 O'er many a scene of hallow'd ground,
 Amidst the vague bewildering maze,
 I turn to past simplicity,
 And with the light of former days,
 My Pastor, I remember thee !
 I call to mind thy doctrine true,
 Thy precepts, and example fair
 G

Which willing hearts so gently drew,
 And made them bless thy pastoral care.
 Thy decent state and heavenly mien,
 Alike from pomp and lightness free;
 So wise immortal souls to win,
 My Pastor, I remember thee !

On this returning day, I love
 To sing of all thy virtues bright,
 And raise my earnest heart above,
 And pray for such another light.
 And though I tune a lonely lay,
 (For they are gone who sang with me,
 And former things are passed away.)
 My Pastor, I remember thee !

And while I yet my lyre retain,
 And still have power to touch the string,
 Though weak and broken be the strain,
 Of thee, my Pastor, will I sing,
 Until I gain thy glorious state
 And join the heavenly minstrelsy ;
 Nor shall my spirit then regret
 That I so long remember'd thee.

THIRTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

BRIGHT in the Church's history
 Those favour'd days will ever shine,

When thou, and others like to thee,
 Set forth the truth with power divine,
 My Pastor ! They were days of grace ;
 The Spirit witness'd to the word,
 And clearly show'd the way of peace,
 And souls were added to the Lord.

I love in memory to retrace
 Those seasons of instructions bless'd,
 And to *re-live* those happy days
 Of Sabbath joy and hallow'd rest.
 No *mere routine* of formal prayer,
 No hackney'd declamation vain ;
 'Twas thy one aim and earnest care
 The sinner's yielding heart to gain.

'Tis not a dream ! A happy band
 Of spirits, from the body free,
 Have join'd thee in the heavenly land,
 And witness its reality !
 And there are wanderers yet on earth
 Who did not hear the truth in vain,
 Who learnt of thee the Saviour's worth,
 And humbly "follow in His train."

Their memory stor'd with precious truth
 Heard from thy lips, their spirit cheers ;
 The wisdom which inform'd their youth
 Makes happy their declining years.

Beloved Pastor, when we meet
 Round the Chief Shepherd's glorious throne,
 Our songs of praises will be sweet,
 And bright will be thy fadeless crown !

THIRTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

'Twas more than faith which seem'd to light his
 eye
 And give expression to his beaming face,
 While singing sweetly of abounding grace
 On the bless'd morn of the nativity
 Of Him, who came on earth to live and die
 For the redemption of our ruin'd race ;
 His spirit seem'd without a shade to trace
 The glory of that wondrous mystery !
 Yes ; at those happy seasons, standing high
 In the cleft rock, securely shelter'd there,
 He saw "the glory of the Lord pass by,"
 And heard the voice Jehovah's name declare,
 "The Lord, Lord God, all merciful and just,
 The sin avenger, and the sinner's trust ;
 Who, while He hateth all iniquity,
 Offers a pardon, ever full and free,
 To all mankind, who may, by grace restor'd,
 Rejoice in the salvation of the Lord !"

THIRTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY.

It was a time of pure religious light
 In which he liv'd, whose memory this day
 Awakens my commemorative lay.

Our Church was mighty in the Spirit's might,
 And shone amidst the nations clear and bright ;
 Not in external pomp and vain display,
 Draperies and roods, and tapers' flickering ray—
 Those certain signs of Rome's advancing night ;
 It was a time accepted of the Lord—

His power was manifest, His presence nigh,
 And sinners flock'd in crowds to hear the word
 As doves returning to their windows fly ;
 And faithful preachers told the Saviour's grace,
 And led their hearers in the way of peace—

The narrow way ; not the broad flowery road
 Now trod by saints, who gracefully combine
 The fashions of this world and things of time
 With the most solemn, sacred truths of God,
 The doctrines which apostles held and show'd :
 One day, engage in services divine ;
 The next, amidst the *veriest trifles* shine.

Truly, this is "religion *à la mode*,"
 Not that which the "beloved Pastor" taught,
 Which shed a gracious influence around,
 And happy multitudes with ardour sought
 And the bless'd fount of "living waters" found ;

Its streams their thirst for happiness supplied,
They daily drank, and ask'd for none beside.

THIRTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY.

AMIDST the strange mutations which abound
In these last days of reckless vanities,
When men "above what's written" would be wise,
When God and mammon share the daily round
Of many teachers and divines profound,
Whose creed correct, their practice oft denies,—
Oh ! with what pleasure do I turn mine eyes
To thee, my Pastor, and thy doctrine sound !
I think of thee with tearful eyes this day,
And memory restores thy teachings true ;
And though an age has fairly pass'd away
Since thou wert taken far from mortal view,
I see thee still, and hear the word of grace,
The doctrine clear, of faith and righteousness,
Which ever from thy heart so freely flow'd,
And drew the hearts of those who heard to God.

IN MEMORY OF FRIENDS DEPARTED.

THE sun of life declining
Throws back its shadows long
O'er scenes serenely shining,
Which wake my annual song.

I think of friends departed
 On this observed day,
 The true, the pious-hearted,
 Who long have passed away.

The lady, who untiring
 Pursued her path to bliss—
 To brighter worlds aspiring
 She linger'd not in this.
 No vain pretension blemish'd
 Her pure and peaceful life ;
 Her memory is cherish'd—
 A model pastor's wife.

The friend, who calmly moved
 Amidst his youthful band,
 In duties which he loved,
 With steady heart and hand ;
 Humble and unassuming,
 The power of heavenly love
 His voice and spirit tuning
 To join the choir above.

The youth, of gentle bearing,
 And spirit free from guile,
 In earthly scenes appearing
 A stranger for awhile ;
 His warfare soon was ended,
 And soon his work was done,

His spirit soon ascended
To its celestial home.

These friends, and many others
Of kindred temper true,
My sisters and my brothers,
This day recalls to view ;
They for awhile were given
My joys and griefs to share ;
They rest in yonder heaven,—
Oh ! may I join them there !

THIRTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.

MIGHTY in prayer : methinks I see him now,
His clasped hands and reverent closed eyes,
As shutting out all earthly vanities !
How fully did his supplications flow
For children, kindred, country, friend, and foe ;
For temporal gifts and spiritual supplies ;
The faith that saves, the love that sanctifies,
And all that grace abounding can bestow !
Those large requests were register'd in heaven,
And through revolving and successive years
How many gracious answers may be given
To passing pilgrims in this vale of tears !—
How many blessings shower'd on those he lov'd !
How many sins prevented, snares remov'd !

How many calls and visitings of grace !
 What outward comfort and what inward peace,
 To his effectual, fervent prayers we owe,
 Eternity alone can clearly show !

THIRTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY.

METHINKS I see them meet upon the plains
 Of immortality. Two kindred souls
 They surely were on earth,
 And how much more in heaven !
 They meet, and heavenly love irradiates
 Each countenance, while joyful greetings pass
 Freely from tongue to tongue,
 With mutual delight.
 And now they commune of the past. One tells
 Of glories which have mark'd the days of heaven,
 Since "present with the Lord"
 In his eternal home !
 Tells of how he has welcom'd to that home
 One and another of his favour'd flock,
 Who in the last great day
 Shall be his joy and crown.
 Tells of beloved ones, who shar'd his heart
 And earthly home, soon joining him on high,
 And youthful spirits pure,
 Of his posterity.

Tells how the sight of each enhanc'd his bliss,
 And when he led them to the glorious throne
 Added a note of praise
 To his enraptur'd song.

The other* tells, in a more chasten'd tone,
 The events of his prolonged pilgrimage—
 Its many chequer'd scenes
 Of sorrow and of joy.

Tells of the grace which bore him through them all,
 Imparting daily strength for daily need,
 And at the last dread hour
 Gave him the victory !

And now, methinks I hear their voices join
 In a sweet song of kindred harmony,
 Adoring Him who led
 Each to that heavenly rest.

And now, they hasten to the throne, and there,
 Amidst the radiant ranks that circle round,
 Many well known and lov'd
 Greet them with waving palm !

They tune their harps, and join the ceaseless song
 Of all the ransom'd hosts, to Him who died
 For us and lives again—
 Our Saviour, God, and King !

* Rev. John King.

THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY.

WHILE my thoughts on it are cast,
 Would I now bring back the past ?
 Would I clothe again with clay
 Him whose memory lights this day
 And awakes my annual strain—
 Would I bring him here again ?

Would I have those sacred days
 Spent in fervent prayer and praise,
 And in listening to the word,
 All rejoicing in the Lord—
 Light and grace so fully given,
 Earth appeared like to heaven !—

Would I ask again to share
 In those blessed seasons fair ?
 Would I call to earth again
 All the dear departed train,
 Who have long enjoy'd their rest
 In the mansions of the bless'd ?

No ; I wish not their return,
 Nor for past enjoyments mourn,
 Though they sacred were and dear,
 And though present scenes are drear ;
 Yet I know that all is right,
 Good alike the dark and bright !

Trial time will soon be o'er,
Time itself will be no more ;
Then eternity will show
Joys transcending all below,
And our Sabbath we shall share,
Ever glorious, ever fair !

IN MEMORY OF FRIENDS DEPARTED.

THEY are singing up on high
With the choir in yonder sky,
And the "harpers harping still
With their harps," so sweet and shrill.
Ah ! within the circling year
Many, to our hearts most dear,
Long well known and long belov'd,
To that choir have been remov'd.
There, our kindred lists increase ;
Here, they number less and less ;
There, we own a goodly train ;
Here, how few to us remain !
Do we mourn that they are gone
To our bright, enduring home ?
Though we miss them every day,
Could we wish them here to stay,
When our Father's voice was heard,
"Come up hither?" Ah ! that word

Broke at once the mortal tie,
 And their spirits soar'd on high !
 We shall hear that word ere long,
 And shall share their bliss and song !

THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY.

GROSS darkness reign'd : the little country town
 Was great in wickedness ; the civil power,
 Though strongly wielded, check'd not or kept down
 The daring outrages of that dark hour.
 Riot in its polluted streets prevail'd,
 The wanton's laughter and the drunkard's shout
 Were heard afar, and men as demons yell'd
 At the late closing of their midnight rout.

The Sacred Day was pass'd in sports profane,
 Unheeded was the church bell's pleasant chime
 By noisy crowds and pleasure-seekers vain,
 Who own'd no law, or human or divine.
 The All-seeing eye, it may be, rested on
 A faithful few, who might in secret mourn
 O'er the sad scene, and low before the throne
 Might daily ask a great and gracious turn !

The prayer was heard : the youthful Pastor came
 In all the graces of his early prime,
 Address'd the rebels in the Saviour's name,
 And told of pleasures, holy and sublime.

And as in his own soul the clear true light
 "Shone more and more unto the perfect day,"
 It shed on all around its radiance bright,
 And show'd to erring souls the "living way."

The Sabbath-breakers left their noisy sport,
 And crowded to the hallow'd House of God,—
 Heard and believ'd the faithful, full report
 Of grace and mercy, through the Saviour's blood.
 Oh ! 'twas a gracious and accepted hour,
 A bright and glorious Pentecostal day !
 Who felt not the convincing Spirit's power ?
 Who did not love to hear, and praise, and pray ?

The little town, which as a curse had been
 To all within its baleful influence,
 Now as a city on a hill was seen,
 Where God was known, a "light and a defence ;"
 For many happy years its house of prayer
 And all its various stated means of grace
 Were priz'd by thousands who resorted there,
 And found in them a satisfying bliss.

But the bright era clos'd. *We thought too soon*
 Our faithful guide was call'd from earth away ;
 His sun went down when scarcely pass'd its noon,
 And then succeeded a long cloudy day.
 Yet now, though nearly forty years have pass'd
 Since the belov'd Pastor was remov'd,

A lingering ray still o'er the shadows cast
Shows somewhat of the light so long approv'd ;
And thus, age after age declares the grace
In those bright days so plenteously bestow'd,
And tens of thousands shall for ever bless
The *care* of this *one* faithful man of God !

F I N I S .

The writer of the foregoing Recollections of the Beloved Pastor, takes the liberty of subjoining to her own humble memorial the inscription on his Tomb at Portsmouth, and that on the Monument to his memory in the old Churchyard at Wellington, Salop; both are the productions of the elegant pen of the late Rev. JOSHUA GILPIN, Vicar of Wrockwardine, Salop.

INSCRIPTION ON HIS TOMB.

HERE lie
the honoured remains of the REV. JOHN EYTON, M.A.,
Vicar of Wellington, and Rector of Eyton,
in the County of Salop,
who departed this life January 10th, 1823,
Aged 45.

A man
greatly beloved of God,
nor less endeared to the devoted people of his charge,
for whose immortal weal
he lavishly laid out
his time, his talents, and his strength.
At length
exhausted by his sacred toil, he came thus far
a drooping invalid
in quest of renovated health,

when a seraphic band,
 commissioned to await his coming,
 received him on their wings, and carried him direct
 to Abraham's bosom.

Great was the consternation and distress
 by this report, excited
 through the whole circle of his family and friends,
 all mourned his loss profusely,
 but chiefly his disconsolate Maria,
 with eight fair sons and daughters in her train,
 deplores his premature removal—
 she drinks indeed the bitter cup of separation
 down to its deepest dregs.

Yet while with pious hands
 she raises this sepulchral stone,
 she bids it tell the passing stranger
 that she sorrows not without the cheering hope
 of meeting his pure spirit
 in that world of blessedness,
 where the dark days of mourning shall be ended,
 and death itself be swallowed up
 in everlasting
 Victory !

NOTE.—The above is the whole of the intended inscription, a part only is engraven on the tomb.

INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT.

SACRED

to the Memory of

The Rev. JOHN EYTON, A.M.,
 Vicar of Wellington, and Rector of Eyton,
 who departed this life at Portsmouth,
 on his way to the Isle of Wight,
 January 10th, 1823,
 Aged 45.

A man,

of whose character and endowments
 it is difficult to speak in any other language
 than that of admiration and reverence.

His person and appearance
 were interesting and attractive ;
 his deportment and manners
 graceful and engaging ;
 his intellectual and sacred attainments
 so various, so extensive, and so captivating
 as to render him everywhere the
 desire and delight
 of his edified associates.

As a

Disciple of Christ
 he breathed the spirit
 and trod in the steps of his adorable Master,

meekly bearing the cross
and adorning in all things
the doctrine of God his Saviour.

As a
preacher of the Gospel
he was mighty in the Scriptures,
fervent in spirit,
eloquent in address
instant in season and out of season,
doing the work of an Evangelist,
and making full proof of his ministry.

As a
Christian Pastor
he was vigilant, affectionate, and faithful,
unweariedly devoted to the concerns of the fold,
gathering the lambs with his arm,
and duly feeding the flock committed to his charge.

And now
while the Chief Shepherd places on his head
a crown of glory
that shall never fade away,
his mourning people consecrate this stone
a Monument
of his inestimable labours
and their grateful love.

IN Memory also of
MARIA EYTON,
Relict of the Rev. John Eyton, and only daughter
of Edmund Plowden, of Plowden, Esq.,
who departed this life
at Aberystwith, in the county of Cardigan,
October 18th, 1825, Aged 39.

Rendered by grace divinely pure,
And of eternal life secure,
She stretch'd her wings and urged her flight
Far from this dreary vale of night
To the bright world of endless day,
Where all her tears are wiped away ;
And there she makes her blest abode
Among the firstborn sons of God.



